

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LV. MR. GREY'S REMORSE.

MR. GREY'S feeling as he returned home was chiefly one of self-reproach,—so that, though he persisted in not believing the story which had been told to him, he did in truth believe it. He believed at any rate in Mr. Scarborough. Mr. Scarborough had determined that the property should go hither and thither according to his will, without reference to the established laws of the land, and had carried and would carry his purpose. His object had been to save his estate from the hands of those harpies, the money-lenders, and as far as he was concerned he would have saved it. He had, in fact, forced the money-lenders to lend their money without interest and without security, and then to consent to accept their principal when it was offered to them. No one could say but that the deed when done was a good deed. But this man in doing it had driven his coach and horses through all the laws,—which were to Mr. Grey as Holy Writ; and in thus driving his coach and horses he had forced Mr. Grey to sit upon the box and hold the reins. Mr. Grey had thought himself to be a clever man,—at least a well-instructed man, but Mr. Scarborough had turned him round his finger, this way and that way, just as he had pleased.

Mr. Grey when in his rage he had given the lie to Mr. Scarborough had, no doubt, spoken as he had believed at that moment. To him the new story must have sounded like a lie, as he had been driven to accept the veritable lie as real truth. He had looked into all the circumstances of the marriage at Nice, and had accepted it. He had sent his partner over and had picked

up many incidental confirmations. That there had been a marriage at Nice between Mr. Scarborough and the mother of Augustus was certain. He had traced back Mr. Scarborough's movements before the marriage, and could not learn where the lady had joined him who afterwards became his wife. But it had become manifest to him that she had travelled with him, bearing his name. But in Vienna Mr. Barry had learned that Mr. Scarborough had called the lady by her maiden name. He might have learned that he had done so very often at other places; but it had all been done in preparation for the plot in hand,—as had scores of other little tricks which have not cropped up to the surface in this narrative. Mr. Scarborough's whole life had been passed in arranging tricks for the defeat of the law. And it had been his great glory so to arrange them as to make it impossible that the law should touch him. Mountjoy had declared that he had been defrauded. The creditors swore with many oaths that they had been horribly cheated by this man. Augustus no doubt would so swear very loudly. No man could swear more loudly than did Mr. Grey as he left the squire's chamber after this last revelation. But there was no one who could punish him. The money-lenders had no writing under his hand. Had Mountjoy been born without a marriage ceremony, it would have been very wicked, but the vengeance of the law would not have reached him. If you deceive your attorney with false facts he cannot bring you before the magistrates. Augustus had been the most injured of all; but a son, though he may bring an action against his father for bigamy, cannot summon him before any tribunal because he has married his mother twice over. These were Mr. Scarborough's

death-bed triumphs; but they were very sore upon Mr. Grey.

On his journey back to town, as he turned the facts over more coolly in his mind, he began to fear that he saw a glimmer of the truth. Before he reached London he almost thought that Mountjoy would be the heir. He had not brought a scrap of paper away with him, having absolutely refused to touch the documents offered to him. He certainly would not be employed again either by Mr. Scarborough or on behalf of his estate or his executors. He had threatened that he would take up the cudgels on behalf of Augustus, and had felt at the moment that he was bound to do so, because, as he had then thought, Augustus had the right cause. But as that idea crumbled away from him, Augustus and his affairs became more and more distasteful to him. After all, it ought to be wished that Mountjoy should become the elder son,—even Mountjoy, the incurable gambler. It was terrible to Mr. Grey that the old fixed arrangement should be unfixed, and certainly there was nothing in the character of Augustus to reconcile him to such a change.

But he was a very unhappy man when he put himself into a cab to be carried down to Fulham. How much better would it have been for him had he taken his daughter's advice, and persistently refused to make this last journey to Tretton! He would have to acknowledge to his daughter that Mr. Scarborough had altogether got the better of him, and his unhappiness would consist in the bitterness of that acknowledgment. But, when he reached the Manor House, his daughter met him with news of her own which for the moment kept his news in abeyance. "Oh, papa," she said, "I am so glad you've come." He had sent her a telegram to say that he was coming. "Just when I got your message I was frightened out of my life. Who do you think was here with me?"

"How am I to think, my dear?"

"Mr. Juniper."

"Who on earth is Mr. Juniper?" he asked. "Oh, I remember; Amelia's lover."

"Do you mean to say you forgot Mr. Juniper? I never shall forget him. What a horrid man he is."

"I never saw Mr. Juniper in my life. What did he want of you?"

"He says you have ruined him utterly. He came here about two o'clock, and found me at work in the garden. He made his way in through the open gate, and would

not be sent back though one of the girls told him that there was nobody at home. He had seen me, and I could not turn him out, of course."

"What did he say to you? Was he impudent?"

"He did not insult me, if you mean that, but he was impudent in not going away, and I could not get rid of him for an hour. He says that you have doubly ruined him."

"As how?"

"You would not let Amelia have the fortune that you promised her, and I think his object now was to get the fortune without the girl. And he said also that he had lent five hundred pounds to your Captain Scarborough."

"He is not my Captain Scarborough."

"And that when you were settling the captain's debts, his was the only one you would not pay in full."

"He is a rogue;—an arrant rogue."

"But he says that he's got the captain's name to the five hundred pounds; and he means to get it some of these days, now that the captain and his father are friends again. The long and the short of it is that he wants five hundred pounds by hook or by crook, and that he thinks you ought to let him have it."

"He'll get it, or the greater part of it. There's no doubt he'll get it if he has got the captain's name. If I remember right the captain did sign a note for him to that amount. And he'll get the money if he has stuck to it."

"Do you mean that Captain Scarborough would pay all his debts?"

"He will have to pay that one, because it was not included in the schedule. What do you think has turned up now?"

"Some other scheme?"

"It is all scheming;—base false scheming, to have been concerned with which will be a disgrace to my name for ever!"

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes; for ever. He has told me now, that Mountjoy is his true, legitimate, eldest son. He declares that that story, which I have believed for the last eight months, has been altogether false and made out of his own brain to suit his own purposes. In order to enable him to defraud these money-lenders he used a plot which he had concocted long since, and boldly declared Augustus to be his heir. He made me believe it, and because I believed it even those greedy grasping men, who would not have given up a tithe of their prey to save the whole family,

even they believed it too. Now, at the very point of death, he comes forward with perfect coolness, and tells me that the whole story was a plot made out of his own head."

"Do you believe him now?"

"I became very wrath, and said that it was a lie. I did think that it was a lie. I did flatter myself that in a matter concerning my own business, and in which I was bound to look after the welfare of others, he could not so have deceived me. But I find myself as a child—as a baby in his hands."

"Then you do believe him now?"

"I am afraid so. I will never see him again, if it be possible for me to avoid him. He has treated me as no one should have treated his enemy; let alone a faithful friend. He must have scoffed and scorned at me merely because I had faith in his word. Who could have thought of a man laying his plots so deeply,—arranging for twenty years past the frauds which he has now executed! For thirty years or nearly his mind has been busy on these schemes, and on others, no doubt, which he has not thought it necessary to execute, and has used me in them simply as a machine. It is impossible that I should forgive him."

"And what will be the end of it?" she asked.

"Who can say? But this is clear. He has utterly destroyed my character as a lawyer."

"No. Nothing of the kind."

"And it will be well if he have not done so as a man. Do you think that when people hear that these changes have been made with my assistance they will stop to unravel it all, and to see that I have been only a fool and not a knave? Can I explain under what stress of entreaty I went down there on this last occasion?"

"Papa, you were quite right to go. He was your old friend, and he was dying."

Even for this he was grateful. "Who will judge me as you do,—you who persuaded me that I should not have gone? See how the world will use my name. He has made me a party to each of his frauds. He disinherited Mountjoy and he forced me to believe the evidence he brought. Then when Mountjoy was nobody he half paid the creditors by means of my assistance."

"They got all they were entitled to get."

"No. Till the law had decided against them they were entitled to their bonds.

But they, ruffians though they are, had advanced so much hard money; and I was anxious that they should get their hard money back again. But unless Mountjoy had been illegitimate,—so as to be capable of inheriting nothing,—they would have been cheated; and they have been cheated. Will it be possible that I should make them or make others think that I have had nothing to do with it? And Augustus, who will be open-mouthed;—what will he say against me? In every turn and double of the man's crafty mind I shall be supposed to have turned and doubled with him. I do not mind telling the truth about myself to you."

"I should hope not."

"The light that has guided me through my professional life has been a love of the law. As far as my small powers have gone I have wished to preserve it intact. I am sure that the Law and Justice may be made to run on all fours. I have been so proud of my country as to make that the rule of my life. The chance has brought me into the position of having for a client a man the passion of whose life has been the very reverse. Who would not say that for any attorney to have such a man as Mr. Scarborough, of Tretton, for his client, was not a feather in his cap? But I have found him to be not only fraudulent but too clever for me. In opposition to myself he has carried me into his paths."

"He has never induced you to do anything that was wrong."

"Nil conscire sibi." That ought to be enough for a simple man. But it is not enough for me. It cannot be enough for a man who intends to act as an attorney for others. Others must know it as well as I myself. You know it. But can I remain an attorney for you only? There are some of whom just the other thing is known; but then they look for work of the other kind. I have never put up a shop-board for sharp practice. After this the sharpest kind of practice will be all that I shall seem to be fit for. It isn't the money. I can retire with enough for your wants and for mine. If I could retire amidst the good words of men I should be happy. But, even if I retire, men will say that I have filled my pockets with plunder from Tretton."

"That will never be said."

"Were I to publish an account of the whole affair,—which I am bound in honour not to do,—explaining it all from beginning to end, people would only say that I was

endeavouring to lay the whole weight of the guilt upon my confederate who was dead. Why did he pick me out for such usage—me who have been so true to him?"

There was something almost weak, almost feminine in the tone of Mr. Grey's complaints. But to Dolly they were neither feminine nor weak. To her, her father's grief was true and well-founded; but for herself in her own heart there was some joy to be drawn from it. How would it have been with her if the sharp practice had been his, and the success? What would have been her state of mind had she known her father to have conceived these base tricks? Or what would have been her condition had her father been of such a kind as to have taught her that the doing of such tricks should be indifferent to her? To have been high above them all,—for him and for her,—was not that everything? And was she not sure that the truth would come to light at last? And if not here, would not the truth come to light elsewhere where light would be of more avail than here? Such was the consolation with which Dolly consoled herself.

On the next two days Mr. Grey went to his chambers and returned without any new word as to Mr. Scarborough and his affairs. One day he did bring back some tidings as to Juniper. "Juniper has got into some row about a horse," he said, "and is I fear in prison. All the same he'll get his five hundred pounds; and if he knew that fact it would help him."

"I can't tell him, papa. I don't know where he lives."

"Perhaps Carroll could do so."

"I never speak to Mr. Carroll. And I would not willingly mention Juniper's name to my aunt or to either of the girls. It will be better to let Juniper go on in his row."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Grey. And then there was an end of that.

On the next morning, the fourth after his return from Tretton, Mr. Grey received a letter from Mountjoy Scarborough. "He was sure," he said, "that Mr. Grey would be sorry to hear that his father had been very weak since Mr. Grey had gone, and unable even to see him, Mountjoy, for more than two or three minutes at a time. He was afraid that all would soon be over; but he and everybody around the squire had been surprised to find how cheerful and high-spirited he was. It seems," wrote

Mountjoy, "as though he had nothing to regret either as regards this world or the next. He has no remorse, and certainly no fear. Nothing, I think, could make him angry, unless the word repentance were mentioned to him. To me and to his sister he is unwontedly affectionate; but Augustus's name has not crossed his lips since you left the house." Then he went on to the matter as to which his letter had been written. "What am I to do when all is over with him? It is natural that I should come to you for advice. I will promise nothing about myself, but I trust that I may not return to the gambling-table. If I have this property to manage, I may be able to remain down here without going up to London. But shall I have the property to manage? And what steps am I to take with the view of getting it? Of course I shall have to encounter opposition, but I do not think that you will be one of those to oppose me. I presume that I shall be left here in possession, and that they say is nine points of the law. In the usual way I ought, I presume, simply to do nothing, but merely to take possession. The double story about the two marriages ought to count for nothing. And I should be as though no such plot had ever been hatched. But they have been hatched and other people know of them. The creditors I presume can do nothing. You have all the bonds in your possession. They may curse and swear, but will, I imagine, have no power. I doubt whether they have a morsel of ground on which to raise a lawsuit; for whether I or Augustus be the eldest son, their claims have been satisfied in full. But I presume that Augustus will not sit quiet. What ought I to do in regard to him? As matters stand at present, he will not get a shilling. I fear my father is too ill to make another will. But at any rate he will make none in favour of Augustus. Pray tell me what I ought to do. And tell me whether you can send anyone down to assist me when my father shall have gone."

"I will meddle no farther with anything in which the name of Scarborough is concerned." Such had been Mr. Grey's first assertion when he received Mountjoy's letter. He would write to him, and tell him that after what had passed, there could be nothing of business transacted between him and his father's estate. Nor was he in the position to give any advice on the subjects mooted. He would wash



his hands of it altogether. But, as he went home, he thought over the matter, and told himself that it would be impossible for him thus to repudiate the name. He would undertake no lawsuit either on behalf of Augustus or of Mountjoy. But he must answer Mountjoy's letter, and tender him some advice.

During the long hours of the subsequent night he discussed the whole matter with his daughter. And the upshot of his discussion was this,—that he would withdraw his name from the business, and leave Mr. Barry to manage it. Mr. Barry might then act for either party as he pleased.

### TRADES-GUILDS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

#### IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

I STATED in my last article that in this paper I should devote myself to some remarks on the bazaars and markets of Constantinople, which are quite distinct in their characteristics from the shops. As a matter of course, bazaars are markets, or permanent fairs, in which dealers of all kinds congregate. In Constantinople the covered market is usually called a bazaar, and the open-air market is called a Tchartche; but this rule is by no means without exception, for the Egyptian bazaar which is situated behind the Mosque of Yeni Djami is called "Misr Tchartche," or the Egyptian Market, whilst the market, although it is held at Tophané in the open air every Tuesday, is called Sali Bazaar, or the Tuesday Bazaar.

There was in Constantinople, before the time of Justinian, a vast edifice with the form of which we are wholly unacquainted, but which contained an enormous number of shops of all kinds. This edifice, no matter what its form may have been, was evidently a Byzantine bazaar. It fell into ruins during the decadence of the Greek Empire, but it furnished a site for the great bazaar of modern Constantinople, which contains the Bezestein, so dear to tourists, and was built by the Turks after the Conquest. Any one who wanders through the arcades of this vast bazaar, or, rather, vast cluster of bazaars, must, for himself, come to the conclusion that they were built by a people who had lived in lands in which the exclusion of light and heated air was a condition of existence. Modern shopkeepers in this bazaar find that the exclusion of light has certainly collateral advantages which are

not to be despised. I do not propose to write of this bazaar, first, because every tourist who has visited it has forestalled me; secondly, because, though interesting, it is monotonous; thirdly, because it smacks too much of modern Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, and Glasgow to be useful for my present purpose.

The Egyptian bazaar, which hardly anyone visits, is built on the site of the markets which belonged to the Genoese and Venetians, when they were prime favourites with the later Greek emperors. It is lofty, and well, though not exuberantly, lighted, and it is well paved. Its walls are enriched with a prodigious number of beautiful wood carvings, the history of which I have not been able to ascertain, and, as it is never crowded, it makes a pleasant lounge. One wing is given up to raw cotton, and in this wing it is not so well to lounge, unless the loungee be desirous to provide himself with a large stock of bronchitis. But the main body of the bazaar is charming. Dyes and pigments seem to guarantee us against another Deluge. The drugs which kill and those which heal, repose amicably side by side in such quantities, that if Cato had composed his famous soliloquy in the Egyptian Bazaar, he might with tenfold reason have said:

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life;  
My bane and antidote; are both before me.

All the roots, and seeds, and grains, and beans of the East and of the South are presented here in a dumb but eloquent parliament which needs no "new rules of procedure." A bibulous tourist may take his "cinnamon, ginger, allspice, and cloves," through the pores of his skin without any fear of adding an additional shade of scarlet to his nose. If "all the perfumes of Arabia" could have sweetened Lady Macbeth's "little hand," she might have found them in the Egyptian bazaar. And if—— But stop! a delicate and subtle cloud of pepper mingles with the motes in the sunbeams, which dart down from the upper windows, titillates the nose, and stimulates its owner to further exertion. Let me not linger here; 'tis too lovely for me! Farewell, oh, farewell!

The fish-market of Stamboul, which, by the way, is always called Baluk Bazaar—that is, the Fish Bazaar—is as badly arranged as Billingsgate was wont to be, but it is admirably stocked, and might be still better stocked if the arrangements for fishing in the Black Sea, the

Bosphorus, and the Marmora were improved; and if the destruction of fry were prevented. Many hundreds of tons of mackerel about two inches in length, and as many tons of red mullet about three inches in length, are annually brought to market. In spite of this, Constantinople is supplied with a great abundance and great variety of fish. An old resident, who is well acquainted with the markets, has recently catalogued and described twenty-three species of fish which are common to the Marmora and the Bosphorus, but, as to some of those species there are varieties, the total number of varieties coming to market exceeds seventy. Many of these species are excellent; for instance, the lobster, the John Dory, the red and grey mullet, the tunny, the turbot, the swordfish, and the mackerel. The gentleman who has taken the trouble thus to catalogue the fish, committed one slight error for which he was unmercifully laughed at. He inserted in his list of fish the edible snail, simply because he saw it in vast quantities in the fish-market. So also Sir Charles Fellows said, in 1838, that he had seen a dozen hampers of these snails, but he did not take them for fish. I have seen them often myself, and am certain that they are nothing but land snails such as are eaten in many parts of the Continent. In Constantinople, as in other places, they are thought to be good for consumptive patients. Hone, in his *Every Day Book*, speaks of the "palamedes" as much smaller than the tunny, but as having so much of the same nature, that some persons have supposed it to be only the young of that fish. If he were so, he would be a very well-grown child, for he is commonly nearly two feet in length. If you were to see the tunny and the palamedes side by side you would not take them for father and son. The palamedes is a distinct fish, and is, as Gibbon justly tells us, one of the most delicious fish in the Bosphorus. He passes his time in chasing the small mackerel and pilchards during their periodical trips between the Marmora and the Black Sea; and, whilst he is thus pleasantly engaged he is taken from the bank with a metal bait attached to a very long line.

There is a great deal of fishing from the shore in the Bosphorus. The houses come down close to the water's edge. The small fish, to avoid the palamedes, swim close along shore, and the crafty householder stands on the step of his back door, and

with a hand net extracts his dinner from the transparent stream. There are six varieties of mackerel in the Bosphorus; there are excellent oysters and prawns; and the dolphin and the porpoise are also brought to market. But of the large fish the swordfish is the king. His flesh, which is of a dullish red, is far superior to that of the sturgeon, which I used to eat at Greenwich and Blackwall, and which always tasted like poor veal. A cutlet of swordfish is by no means to be despised. The creature grows to a very great size. Two years ago I was in a caïque, near Beicos, on the Asiatic side of the Upper Bosphorus, where these creatures most abound, when a very large fish shot suddenly up from the water at about ten feet distant from the caïque. He exposed fully one half of his body, and his wet sword gleamed in the fierce sunlight like a polished spear. I trembled as I thought what must have happened if the beast had taken it into his head to come up immediately under the caïque. The sword, which is frequently more than three feet in length, is as tough as a shillelagh, and has a point like that of a bayonet.

Will it be believed that with this wealth of good fish the benighted natives actually eat octopods, which are imported dried from the Greek Islands? My gorge rises when I look at them. And can any member of the Fishmongers' Company tell me why mussels are not to be considered fish? The Greeks, who during their Lent may not eat fish, are allowed to eat mussels, and are told that mussels are not fish, wherefore special arrangements are made for trawling them during the Greek fasts, when vast quantities are taken. The snails to which I have alluded are not regarded as meat, and, therefore, may be eaten during the Catholic fasts.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the fish market and the Egyptian Bazaar, there is a large square, which is situated behind the Mosque of Yeni Djami, and in which—on Mondays—a large open-air market is held. This market is one of the most curious sights in the metropolis, and the dragoman, as he conducts his victims to St. Sophia, might easily conduct them through it. But he never does this; either because he does not think the market genteel, or because, in order to go through it, he would have to turn about five-and-twenty yards out of his way, and consume, perhaps, twenty minutes of his valuable time.

To this market there come the seal-cutters; for though a large number of people can write, the signature of all documents by seal is still obligatory, so that every one, no matter what his attainments, must have his name in Turkish, cut or engraved on stone or metal. There, too, come the public letter-writers, who, under the shelter of an imaret, or under the portico of the mosque, or, better still, in the hall of the adjacent Turkish post-office, indite the "soft intercourse" which Fatima or Leila desires to waft to Bagdad or to Cairo. There are the shops of the bird-catchers, hung within and without with cages of small birds, which the pious Turkish women purchase, in order that they may give them liberty—an act of benevolence which assuredly results, in many cases, in a second capture, and perhaps a second sale of the poor little creatures. There, too, congregate the makers of quilts, coats, cloaks, and large baggy trousers, who will measure you and fit you in the open air, and will undertake to clothe you in the course of the day. There, too, are the vendors of similar articles when they have come down in the world, and have descended to the last stage but one of frippery. Calicoes and printed goods from Manchester and Glasgow are to be found there; and gaudy scarves and sashes made after Turkish models, but bearing the trademark of English and Scotch firms, festoon the walls of the mosque. The dealers in old iron, in old tools of curious but useful patterns, in old swords and daggers, and guns and pistols, have their appointed stalls, and an inspection of their goods will repay the visitor for his trouble. There are secondhand bookstalls for those who understand Turkish, and there are the stalls of the herbalists for those who do not understand medicine.

Itinerant dentists and corn-cutters ply their vocation in the light of day, and loftier practitioners are open to consultation and a fee. There, too, the hungry visitor may dine, copiously and quickly, and with the conviction that everything which he eats will be wholesome, well cooked, and clean. He need not be ashamed of dining *al fresco*. No one will mind him. He may have a course of fish, broiled over charcoal before his eyes; he may have a course of kibabs, very good indeed and cooked in like manner; and he may have a small basin of *yaourt* (of which more anon) for five piastres, which are somewhat less than

tenpence, and if his "pugging tooth" makes him desiderate other luxuries than *yaourt*, he may have either of two kinds of *caimak*, both of which are made of cream. One is a kind of cheese-cake, but the other is the original cream-tart of the Arabian Nights. It is to be noted, however, that in spite of their close vicinity to the Egyptian Bazaar the makers of the cream-tarts put no pepper in them. If he be thirsty he can get deliciously cool water, or lemonade, and the coffee with which he "tops up" will be as good as any that he could get at the most expensive restaurant in Pera. A profusion of sweetmeats will be there to tempt him, and even if he desire to treat himself as "honest Davy" treated Justice Shallow's guests, with "pippins and cheese to come," those delicacies will be within his reach.

Before I quit this busy Monday market, which is a refined oriental combination of Rag Fair, Petticoat Lane, Ratcliff Highway, the New Cut, and Clare Market, I should like to make a few remarks about two favourite dishes of the Turks.

Amongst other delicacies of which all classes are fond is that which is called *yaourt*. It is a dish of the remotest antiquity. It is a preparation of milk, and certainly originated amongst the nomad tribes of Asia, who pressed, and continue to press, camels, mules, cows, sheep, and goats into the duty of providing the milk. It has now become a favourite dish throughout the East. *Yaourt* very much resembles a dish which was common in Devonshire in the days of my youth, and may still be common there for all I know. This was called *junket*, and was composed of milk curdled to the consistence of thick custard by means of rennet. *Yaourt* is said by some authors to be identical with the "butter" which the wife of Heber the Kenite presented to Sisera in a "lordly dish" just before she put him to death. There is another curious story respecting *yaourt*. It is said that when Bajazet was taken prisoner by Tamerlane he was invited on the first day of his capture to dine at his conqueror's table, where a large dish of *yaourt* was set before him. On seeing this he burst into tears. Tamerlane demanded to know the cause of his emotion, upon which Bajazet replied, "Many years ago a prophet of great sanctity foretold that I should be captured by you, and he added that *yaourt* would be the first dish that you would offer me."

The milk from which *yaourt* is prepared

is usually curdled with rennet, and it is said that care is taken to use only the rennet of a kid which has never fed on anything but its mother's milk. As a matter of course it can be, and is curdled, by a leaven of sour yaourt carefully preserved for the purpose. I take the following curious entry from Southey's *Commonplace Book*, but I have no means of verifying it, or of adding to it. He ascribes it to Pouquebille, whom he makes to say: "Jougourth is a sort of curdled milk, turned by heating the milk over the fire with some of the old jougourth in it, or for want of that, the flower of an artichoke. Thus the original fermentation proceeds from this plant, and this the Greeks know perfectly well, resorting to it always when their stock of curd is entirely exhausted." I presume that the artichoke alluded to is the real and not the Jerusalem artichoke, but I have not been able to find any confirmation of the idea.

There is another dish, or rather a decoction, which is a great favourite with the working-classes. This is called "salep," and is made from the tubers of a particular species of orchid, which is cultivated for the purpose. Large quantities of it are consumed in Constantinople, chiefly in the early morning, and late at night. During the first half of the present century it used to be known in London under the name of "saloop," and I myself have often seen it at the early breakfast stalls as I wended my way to my office. It renders the same service to the working-classes here as it did then. I am told that it is also popular in America, but it assuredly is not popular with me, because the salep vendors perambulate the streets from four a.m. to seven a.m., and with stentorian lungs announce the advent of the precious drink.

I pass now from the markets to the open streets, and here again I pick up the thread of the resemblances between modern Constantinople and old London. The shoeblack is engendered by the mud of great cities, and a hot-bed, similar to that which produced him in old London, has brought him to life in Constantinople. He adds to the nigrITUDE of the sweep, the impudence of the gamin or street arab. His creed is that men cannot be saved unless they have their boots blacked at least five times a day, and he preaches this doctrine in season and out of season. When he has a stationary pitch he beats a perpetual tattoo on his tripod with his brushes, crying all the while,

"Lustradji!" He will throw himself and his tripod in your way if you are in a hurry, and he will even take a passage in the steamboat, and piteously implore the passengers to take heed to their feet. He is amusing though very inconvenient. But in the present condition of the streets of Constantinople he is an absolute necessity. Sedan-chairs, too, we have in great numbers of the precise pattern known to Swift and Gay; and, indeed, without their aid many houses would be inaccessible except on foot. The chairmen are a turbulent and quarrelsome body and belabour each other with their poles much after the manner of the Irish chairmen at Bath. I have known them set a lady of goodly proportions down in the snow because they thought she was too heavy. Fortunately she was "diplomatic," and her cavass pursued the truant chairmen with his drawn sword and brought them back to their duty. It is a fact, moreover, that an ambassador on his way from Stamboul in a sedan-chair to a ball at another embassy in Pera had a difficulty with his chairmen, who ran away and left him, whereupon his excellency gallantly mounted on the back of a hamal and rode "pick-a-back" to the ball.

The arabadjis (cab-drivers) are not so turbulent, but they are terribly awkward. If you hail one, he does not come to where you are standing, but halts and waits for you to come to him. When he has carried you to your destination, he does not set you down by the foot pavement, but drops you in the middle of the road, and leaves you to wade through the mud. He is naturally a very bad whip, and his manner of driving is peculiar. Even when the street is wide enough to admit of two carriages abreast he selects the middle of it for his course, and drives along furiously, shouting loudly, "Guarda! guarda!" The result is that when arabadji meets arabadji there comes a "tug of war," and "a cry that shivers to the tingling stars." I am old enough to remember that the jarvies of London fifty years ago had the same amiable way of doing things. They were not, nor are the arabadjis, more civilised than their horses. There is no rule of the road in Constantinople, or if there be there is no one with power or will to enforce it.

The hamals, or porters, are much more civilised, and are really indispensable to householders. It is popularly said that a hamal can carry four times as much



as a man can lift on to his shoulders, or, to put it differently, as much as four men can put on his shoulders. It is my belief that a hamal can carry anything that can be lifted on to him, by a crane or other machinery. He makes his body into a zygomatic arch, and he takes on the crown of the arch any weight that you may place upon him. I have seen him carrying a swordfish ten feet in length, which he had poised in such a manner that the beast's sword stretched out beyond the hamal's head, and looked like the lance of a knight in the rest. I have seen him carrying a living and very large ram. The ram's huge woolly head and curled horns were exactly where the hamal's head would have been if he had been standing upright. But in spite of his great strength, he is an undoubted obstacle to street traffic. The streets in Pera and Stamboul are, for the most part, very narrow, and it pleases the hamal, if he be ordered to carry a packing-case of eight feet in length, to place it on his shoulders at right angles to the sides of the street. Bound down as he is he cannot see where he is going, so he keeps very steadily on, simply crying "Guarda! guarda!" as he goes. I once saw a hamal carrying a pony-carriage, which was snugly encased in an empty puncheon, and I was once the possessor of a very solid pedestal desk, seven feet in length, by four in depth, and three in width, which, when I first made its acquaintance, was on the back of a hamal, who was taking it over from the factory in Stamboul to my office in Galata. The hamal is not only very strong, he is very honest. They are almost entirely Armenians, and the head man of their guild keeps a careful watch over them, and takes care that they do not misappropriate the many valuable articles which are entrusted to their charge. Personally, I can speak well of their honesty, but I must admit that, as they come swinging along the streets, utterly unable to see their way, they are almost as bad as a charge from the Macedonian Phalanx, or the Scots Greys.

Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the endeavour to "take the wall," which caused so many quarrels, some of which were attended by bloodshed, during the early part of the eighteenth century, should also prevail, though with less disastrous results, in Constantinople. Said Dr. Johnson, "When my mother lived in London in the last age (i.e. the

seventeenth century) there were two sets of people: those who gave and those who took the wall; the peaceable and the quarrelsome. When I returned to Lichfield, in 1737, after having been in London, my mother asked me whether I was one of those who gave the wall, or one of those who took it. Now it is fixed that every man keeps to the right; or if one is taking the wall another takes it and it is never a dispute."

In Constantinople every one tries to take the wall, and for the reasons which gave rise to the practice in England. The foot-pavement, where there is one, is very narrow, and the roadway—if an upheaval of the oolitic system can be called a roadway—is very muddy, and the struggle for dry ground is but natural.

I pause here to note that the readers of Hone's Every Day Book will find in the streets of Constantinople and the Banliene, the exact presentments of some of the illustrations to his work. The huckster; the pedlar; the knot, on which the hamals poise their heavy loads; and the wooden clog, which is used to keep ill-shod or well-shod feet out of the mud, all appear in Constantinople precisely as they are figured by Hone. The resemblance between old London and Constantinople follows us even into the night. Pope writes of

The drowsy watchman, who but gives a knock,  
And breaks our rest to tell us what's o'clock.

Now this is precisely what the Turkish watchman (Bekdjî) does, for at various periods of the night he raps out with his iron-shod staff the number of hours which have passed since sunset, when the Turkish diurnal reckoning begins.

But it is now time for me to treat of some of the customs which Constantinople has retained long after London has given them up. This must be reserved for another number.

#### THE ROSE.

VERY close to death he lay,  
The keen eyes were waxing dim,  
And he heard the whisperers say:  
"Time grows very short for him;"  
And the far-famed healer knew,  
No hand that waning light could trim.

There was nothing left to do;  
Yet, a want was in his eyes;  
Love has instincts quick and true.

One who loved him saw it rise,  
That last yearning—forth she went,  
Calm in solemn sympathies.

O'er the red rose bed she bent,  
The roses that he loved the best,  
For their charm of hue and scent.

She chose the fairest from the rest,  
Plucked it very tenderly,  
Laid it on the sick man's breast.  
The deft hand hung uselessly;  
The voice would never speak again,  
But she read the grateful eyes,  
And knew her guess was not in vain;  
For a moment satisfied  
Was the look; then, slowly, pain,  
Baffled longing, human pride,  
Thoughts of sweet lost hopeful years,  
Blent with power that struggling died;  
Mocking doubts, and lurking fears,  
In the labouring bosom woke,  
And the sudden rush of tears  
As the silent spirit spoke,  
Drowning all the pining face,  
In a passionate torrent broke.  
There was silence in the place,  
Quiet lay the unconscious flower,  
And God took him to His grace,  
Our God, who reads the dying hour.

## SHILLINGBURY SKETCHES.

## NO VIII. OUR BARONET.

REFERENCE has been made several times in these papers to Sir Thomas Kedgbury, Bart., of The Latimers, and considering that he was undoubtedly our big man, it is to be feared that there has been some breach of the proprieties in keeping him so long in the background, while divers humble personalities of our little world of Shillingbury have been dealt with. For any such breach I feel I can find no better apology than to plead a preference to relate such things as I may have gathered from personal observation rather than those which I know only by common report. The Father of History, I believe, made a similar division of his facts; but he shows no predilection for one sort over the other. If anything, he seems to chat more cheerily over what was told him by a priest in Egypt than concerning those things which he saw for himself. Perhaps I may be allowed to have my own way and pursue the opposite course, seeing that I do not claim a place for my sketches in the world of literature equal to that occupied by the History of Herodotus.

Hitherto I have kept mainly to the middle line of society, and have spoken for the most part of things within my own recollection and of people in my own walk of life. Mr. Northborough is no longer Rector of Shillingbury, so I make this last observation without fear. But in dealing with Sir Thomas Kedgbury, a real baronet, I must quit for a while the paths of experience.

I knew Sir Thomas very well to speak

to, as dozens of people in Shillingbury did likewise—indeed, it would have been hard to find anywhere a more affable country gentleman than he was; for when he would ride into the town on his old roan cob, he would often spend half an hour in travelling from the bridge, where the town proper began, to The Black Bull, where he would stable his nag. He would have a word for everybody, and at John Tawner's, for instance, he would generally halt at the shop-door and have a good many words with honest John concerning such topics as the weather, the crops, the general news of the town, and, if an election should be approaching, the political outlook. Many a time, too, he has had a long gossip with me; but now that I set to work to write about him, I find my knowledge of him does not seem to warrant my speaking of him as freely as I have spoken of Walter Tafnell or Dr. Goldingham. I must certainly rely more than I have hitherto done on oral tradition, and perhaps I may be more strongly influenced than I like to admit by that true-Briton inborn reverence for rank—there is a shorter name for it—and shrink from talking about a baronet as if he were a mere common person.

And indeed Sir Thomas, as baronets go, was not exactly a common person. He was by no means a mere squire, that is, a Squire Western, with the raw material of the eighteenth century covered with a thin coating of nineteenth-century varnish, a product of the present age, in which the vices of the past century are disguised and diluted rather than eradicated. Sir Thomas had taken high honours at Cambridge. He was a scholar and a student of both ancient and modern literature, speaking French and German with a fluency which in those days was very rare for a man in his position, and he knew much of the manners and cities of other lands.

Sir Thomas passed for a very learned man in Shillingbury, and he certainly did know something about a great many books. He had a way of airing his knowledge which I do not think he would have assumed had he not been confident that he was speaking to unlettered folk. He would occasionally talk of Papinian, and Bracton, and Fleta, while giving judgment as chairman of petty sessions, and once, I remember, at a prize presentation at the free school he rather puzzled some country divines by alluding to certain classic poets,

whom he described as Flaccus and Maro. But these were harmless foibles. There would be little cause for any outcry against the country gentlemen if they were all up to the standard of our baronet.

When I first remember Sir Thomas, he was Mr. Kedgbury, a good-looking young man of thirty, or thereabouts. He was supposed to be studying for the bar in London, but he spent much of his time at The Latimers. This was in the lifetime of his grandfather, old Sir David. Sir David had but two children—Thomas, who was killed fighting in India, and Letitia, Miss Kedgbury, who now kept house at The Latimers. Thomas had left a widow and one child, a boy, and, when the mother died about four years after her husband, the young heir was taken at once to The Latimers to be brought up by his aunt and grandfather.

Sir David was a rabid Tory of the old school, and when the time came to take some steps for the education of his grandson, his first care was to see that the boy was taught all those things which an English gentleman ought to know, and kept clear of all those poisonous ideas which had crept in from France and elsewhere since the overthrow of the altar, the throne, and the Bastille in that unhappy land. Sir David himself had been trained at Eton and Cambridge, and naturally thinking that no education could be more complete and no opinions more righteous than were his own, he proposed to submit his grandson to a similar curriculum.

Dr. Bellerby, one of his oldest friends, and the principal of Carfax College, Oxford, strongly advised him to vary the treatment a little by making it Eton and Oxford, assuring Sir David that there was no Toryism like that which flourished on the banks of the Isis; but Sir David was a man who loved not compromise, and stuck to his own view. Tom was first sent to a preparatory school, then to Eton, and finally, after a rather distinguished career at the latter place, he went up to Trinity. Sir David had heard many stories about the wild ways of Cambridge students in these times, and he had in truth prepared both his patience and the balance at his bankers to stand a little extra strain in consequence of a possible rake's progress; but, as it turned out, all his forethought on this score was quite superfluous. Tom settled down into a hard reading man, and would spend more than half the day during his vacations over books, the very names of

which conveyed no meaning to his grandfather's perceptions. It is probable the old gentleman was just a little disappointed that Tom was not a trifle less steady. He would have had no objection to hear something about midnight proctorial adventures, of knockers wrenched off, and Scotchmen abducted from tobacconists' shop doors. Lots of the very tip-top men had done these things in the hot blood of youth, and had been none the worse for it. Sir David had a notion, that, after all, Cambridge University had been founded to turn out English gentlemen, and not mere book-worms.

"You should ride more, Tom," he said one day; "all the best men used to ride to hounds a little, some of 'em a good deal in my time; and as to Newmarket, though I suppose the proctors wouldn't like it, yet hang it, Tom, you meet gentlemen there, though, perhaps, a few roughs as well, and I take it you have to rub shoulders sometimes with men in the lecture-rooms who aren't first cut. See a little more life, Tom, and remember that Cambridge is a school of manners as well as a seat of learning; at least, it used to be so in my time. Live in a good set, sir, and as to money, I've never stinted you yet, sir, have I?"

Tom thanked his grandfather heartily, not without a quiet smile which had just a little of satire in it, and went back to Trinity. Whether he did go in for hunting in pink, or lost a wager now and then on the heath, or entertained his friends more freely than heretofore, there is no evidence to show, but it was certain that he took Sir David's counsel seriously, and spent nearly as much again the next term as ever he had spent before. Still the old gentleman made no complaints about the money. He was, however, a little dissatisfied; he could not find out that Tom was hand in glove with any of the "tufts" who were then in residence. Sir David knew that Lord Flynders was up, and Sir George Dumbuck. Tom had been at Eton with both of these, and the old baronet would have been glad to hear of his grandson spending more time with them and less with his books. Sir David had not much affected books in his Cambridge days, and he was not disposed to rate them very highly as instruments of education.

The old man, however, did not worry himself about his grandson's strange perversity of taste. The boy would come to see what was due to his position before

long, no doubt, Sir David said to himself; but one unfortunate evening something occurred which did make him seriously uneasy, and made him doubt whether Tom was not already tainted with heresy, social and political alike. There was a large dinner-party at The Latimers, made up of the neighbouring gentry and clergy, invited to meet Tom who was only down for a few days at Christmas. One of the county members was there—the other was a very old man who had given out his intention of resigning almost directly—and Sir David had intended to make this dinner a sort of informal introduction of his grandson into the political society of the county, the first step towards securing for him the reversion of the county seat now soon to be vacated. All through the dinner the conversation had run upon political topics, but Tom had shirked the discussion as much as possible, and when he had been absolutely compelled to speak he had talked in a guarded, hesitating tone, which had not been at all pleasant to Sir David; but this negative offence of Tom's was not destined to be his worst crime that evening.

The country was just beginning to recover from the long torpor into which it had sunk under Lord Liverpool's administration. Canning it is true was dead, and the heavy hand of the Iron Duke once more held the reins; but still there was much talk about reform at home and revolt abroad. On these topics there was no uncertain utterance that evening at Sir David's table. All sang in the same strain, and there could not have been greater surprise had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst, than there was when Tom broke out into a passionate eulogium of Mr. Canning and his policy in reply to some brutal remarks of a red-faced squire, who had claimed Providence as a visible ally in removing such a man at once from a position where he might have brought the country to ruin. Nowadays we have forgotten how high were the hopes which the more enthusiastic spirits of fifty years ago cherished when Canning at last held the reins of power, and how bitter was their disappointment at his untimely death. At school Tom had learnt to feel an enthusiastic reverence for the man who was making famous the name of Eton, and he found amongst the set of men to whom he attached himself at Trinity—men of a type very different to that of Lord Flynders and Sir George Dumbuck—that Canning's generous advocacy of oppressed races and

nationalities had raised up a passionate attachment both to the statesman and to his opinions. He went with his associates heart and soul, but he knew well enough that it would be a hopeless task to try to make his grandfather think anything but evil of a man who had trodden under foot the traditions of Castlereagh, so he held his peace on the subject of politics as well as he could, and was only provoked to let the cat out of the bag by the speech of the narrow-minded boor who had just spoken, and perhaps by one glass more of champagne than usual.

Of Tom's hasty speech no great notice was taken. The guests as a rule were too much dumbfounded to utter a word. The county member replied with some good-humoured banter, saying that he supposed he should find Tom opposing him as the Radical candidate at the next election; and there was a black frown on Sir David's brow which sat there till the last guest had departed. His favourite ambition, to see his grandson the Tory member for the county, was shattered. He gave Tom no good-night greeting that night, and for the rest of the vacation he made himself as agreeable as an old gentleman naturally would under such circumstances.

And now it must be revealed that, since he had been at Cambridge, Master Tom had not confined himself wholly to platonic flirtation with the cause of oppressed nationalities. He had given his moral support to populations in revolt against their rulers, both in the old world and in the new; but his patronage of the descendants of Miltiades and Themistocles had been of a more practical nature. There was a Greek fever in England in those days, fully as violent and infectious as other maladies of a like character which have fallen upon us in more recent times; and many enthusiastic young gentlemen, nurtured on the culture of Hellas, were possessed with the conviction that a nation which had produced Solon two thousand years and more ago, must at least be able to make laws for itself by this time. Young men of this sort at Cambridge naturally read Byron, and followed his lead as a political teacher. Of course there was a local Greek committee with a noble president, and a long list of illustrious names to follow; a paid secretary and treasurer; and last, but not least, a subscription-list. The painful truth must now be told that to this subscription-list went



all that extra allowance of Sir David's, which he had fondly hoped might be spent at Newmarket, or in job-master's bills, or in dog-fighting, badger-baiting, or tavern boozing with Lord Flynders and Sir George Dumbuck.

By the light of Tom's hasty utterance at the dinner-table Sir David was able to read plainly many things which had hitherto been obscure—Tom's unwillingness to commit himself to any definite confession of the right creed in politics; the discovery of a number of *The Edinburgh Review* on the library-table; his disinclination to enter heartily into those sports and pastimes which had made English gentlemen what they were; and his craze for getting a high place in the tripos just as if he had been a Johnian sizar. "And what the deuce has he done with all that money?" said Sir David to himself. "Dick Lister tells me he can't spend above two hundred a year." Dick Lister was the son of a neighbouring rector, and was also at Trinity. This momentous question troubled Sir David not a little; and before Tom went back to Cambridge he brought the whole matter on the carpet. What the devil did he mean by coming there with his Radical rubbish, blurring out opinions such as no English gentleman ought to hold? And what had become of all that money he had spent in the last two years, if it was true that he lived with a lot of fellows who moped all day long over books, and never showed his face with men of his own rank?

Tom answered with some firmness of manner, but with perfect courtesy, that his political opinions were those which he had seen fit to adopt after testing them by the reasoning faculties with which he had been endowed by Providence; that he had never made mention of them in his grandfather's presence, fearing they might be obnoxious, till he was provoked into speech by the remarks of the red-faced gentleman; that as for the money, it had been given to him to spend unconditionally, and he had chosen to spend it in assisting the Greeks to recover their independence.

There was a terrible scene after this. The old man was furious. Miss Kedgbury did her best to heal the breach, but all in vain, and Tom went back to Cambridge with not exactly blessings on his head from his affronted grandfather. Soon after this the Mathematical Tripos list came out, and Kedgbury, Trinity, appeared as thirteenth wrangler. Sir David manifested no sign

of approval when his daughter read over the names. He considered that such rewards were all very well for men who had to work for their living, but were altogether beneath the notice of a gentleman. The cup of his sorrow, however, was not yet full. About a month after Tom had taken his degree there came a letter from him, saying that after what had passed between him and his grandfather with regard to the manner in which he had spent his allowance, he had not drawn anything during the past term, and should not require to do so for the future, as he had accepted the post of assistant mathematical master in a grammar-school in the Midland counties.

It was more than a week before the old man could bring himself to show the letter to Miss Kedgbury, and when he at last did so, there was on his face a look of hopeless misery, which showed that he was at last broken down. The thought that his grandson, the heir to his title and estate, the boy he really loved after all, should be sitting at a pedagogue's desk, teaching the first four rules of arithmetic to a pack of dirty schoolboys, heaped a burthen of shame and sorrow on his head, which he felt was too heavy for him to bear. It was crushing him to death, and must be shaken off at any cost, even at the cost of absolute surrender. His pet plan, the scheme he had nursed so carefully, had come to naught. The seat in Parliament for the county, which Tom might have had by stretching out his hand for it, had fallen to the lot of a certain Mr. Samuel Pycroft; and, though there was no fault to be found with Mr. Pycroft's Toryism, the elevation of a man of his family and antecedents to the dignity of a county member was in itself a bitter pill, and a sign of the times as well, to Sir David.

Mr. Pycroft was a retired Liverpool merchant, who had bought a large property in the county. In the days of which I am writing, the country was afflicted by an attack of agricultural depression quite as severe as anything of the kind that we have heard of lately, and there was very little spare cash amongst the landlords to spend on election matters. Men who had made fortunes in trade were in these days for the most part to be found in the camp of the enemy; so the Tories of our county thought it a fine windfall when a great Liverpool merchant with a great fortune settled down in their midst with a political creed of the right sort.

When the vacancy in the county representation occurred, in default of a candidate amongst the old families, Mr. Pycroft came forward, and was returned unopposed. After things had so far miscarried, Sir David became almost careless how much farther they went, provided the family honour were kept intact, and he did feel that a smirch on the escutcheon was a contingency not improbable in case they should not be able to persuade Tom to abandon the anomalous line of life which he had adopted. Sir David was half afraid, half ashamed, to take up the business himself, and he gladly entrusted the mission to Miss Kedgbury.

Miss Letitia Kedgbury was not without a certain sympathy for the errors of the prodigal whom she was commissioned to bid return, and she was therefore a far better envoy than Sir David would have been at his best. She was now hard upon "forty year." Years ago she had had her one love-affair, and its course had not run smooth; so she had settled down to keep house for her father as long as he should live, or till Tom should bring home a wife. There had been no need for her to remain a spinster, for she was a well-favoured, amiable woman, and was, moreover, endowed with thirty thousand pounds in her own right, which had come to her from her mother's fortune; but the right man did not come a second time, and it was pretty generally understood by this time that she intended to live and die as Miss Kedgbury. Miss Kedgbury knew the value of a quiet life, and she very wisely made it a leading principle never to cross or contradict her father in any matter connected with politics. But though she would listen patiently by the hour together to Sir David's vituperations of the present state of affairs, and his lamentations over the good times when the Six Acts were in force—when Castlereagh used to take sedition-mongers (Reformers they called themselves) by the throat and let them work out their theories of political regeneration within the walls of a felon's cell; and when Judge Braxfield was sending disaffected Scotch rascals to prison by dozens at a time—Miss Kedgbury had private opinions of her own which the old gentleman would have called flat rebellion had he ever caught scent of them. Miss Letitia took the bold course of letting Tom into her confidence and informing him that he was not the only political heretic in the family. She pointed out that any show of resentment on his

part was neither reasonable nor in good taste. Provided he kept his opinions quiet, as she kept hers, there would be no danger of further collision.

So, after a little demur, Tom agreed to accept the allowance his grandfather proposed to make, to resign his tutorial appointment, and to begin to eat his terms at the Temple, with a proviso that he should spend as much of his time as he could spare at The Latimers. He was indeed a little tired of teaching compound multiplication by this time, and fancied that he had made a sufficient demonstration of independence, by letting Sir David see that he could earn his own bread, and was ready, moreover, to do so, rather than stoop to compromise in the very lightest of his principles.

So the storm passed by, and Mr. Thomas Kedgbury was finally installed in the position of heir-apparent. He had not to wait long for his inheritance. A few months after he was called to the bar, Sir David was gathered to his fathers. The allowance which the old man had given to his nephew had been a very liberal one, so the latter had no reason to feel anything of that improper satisfaction, which is said sometimes to come to heirs-apparent when the term of expectancy is at an end. The new baronet, when he first heard of his exaltation, was by no means sure that the time might not come when he would sigh for the days when he was plain Mr. Kedgbury of the Inner Temple. It would be nice to rule the roast, no doubt; but the toils and troubles which beset those people who have to "take a position," made him rather uneasy. He felt, at present, no appetite for county business, or for dispensing unpaid justice from the Shillingbury bench. He did not anticipate much pleasure from the society of his neighbours, for he had not forgotten the red-faced gentleman and that fateful dinner, which had been given in his honour, but which had come within an inch of witnessing his disgrace. Then the rush, and the stir, and the strenuousness of life in the great city had become very fascinating to him. Nearly all the best men of his year were in London, full of high hopes of success in law and politics, and he could not but feel that settling down for life at The Latimers—albeit it was as pleasant a country house as one could find in a day's journey—would be something like premature interment.

But there was no help for it. It would

never do for a baronet, with a landed estate, to go into practice as if he were a common mortal. He gave a farewell dinner to a dozen or so of his more intimate friends at The Mitre, the night before he finally left town, and a very merry party it was; but as he retired to rest that night to a bedroom, at which the butler of The Latimers would certainly have turned up his nose, he could not help heaving a sigh at the advent of his greatness. How would the people he would have to foregather with for the future, compare with the set of men he had just left? He did not trouble to answer the question. He woke the next morning with a slight headache, and then, with a heavy heart, he set forth to take upon himself the honours and responsibilities of his new position.

#### "HOMELESS, RAGGED, AND TORN."

It is hard to know exactly how to come upon St. Luke's, E.C. It is hard to know—with all the spare light of a January day just waned out and a cold haze oozing down to slushy pavements—where exactly, now that St. Luke's is here, to find an Old Street cleaving it into halves. It is even harder to know—the dull haze getting duller and the slushy pavements having still more slushiness—at which point to pass from Old Street, now it has been reached, eastwise again to yet another unfamiliar line of dwelling-places, historic though its name may be—Bunhill Row. For footways are narrow here, and, as it were, interminable, and lead off down courts that are narrower still, and cannot surely be the spot required. The gas-lights betray squalor and slinking figures; gaslights glare out at times upon nauseous, ill-smelling fish, upon smudged sweets and chalk-white cakery; and the natural impulse is to get away from all this accumulation of nastiness. Burial-grounds swell out the hazy space, too—closed now, of course, but showing sinking slabs and soddened paths to make more mist and gloom and more dismalness to add to the uncertainty. Yet, being on the quest for a blessed asylum for the wretches who are houseless—being on the quest for the shelter where the piteous weeds of humanity may flock who have slouched and crouched in the streets all day, who have sought for poor work and found none, who have offered paltry wares for sale and had everybody turn away—

there is no shirking close acquaintanceship with any item of the localities that have been named. There is no shirking close acquaintanceship, further, with an obscure Banner Street, lying hidden somewhere near about, since this merciful sleeping-place for these poor vagabond outcasts is in this same Banner Street, and since, now the finding of this has been determined on, it has to be done, hard as it may be.

At last it is here, this Banner Street! Upon the kerb, in the gutter, in the mud, in the mist, in the cold, there is a solid straight block of human wretches. There, in a compact oblong mass, they stand waiting in absolute abject military order for their poor, sad, pitiable turn! Upon the kerb, in the gutter, in the mud, in the mist and the cold, here is a straight thick stretch of wretched fellow-creatures, spreading thirty or forty in length, four or five deep—meek, humble, downcast, silent; patiently waiting, quenched and quelled, for a constable to give the sign that one by one may leave the ranks and enter in.

Had these poor, faint, homeless, and hopeless souls clamoured; had they stormed; had they been full of blasphemy, or ribaldry, or revolutionary reproach, there would not have seemed such terrible pity in it. Had they hung to one another in groups; had they been scattered, or desultorily arriving; had they been in families; in clusters of companions or friends; had they given out murmurs, or rough gesture, or had they rushed, or demanded, or besieged, it would not have struck with such deep force. But to see them ranged in that meek, dumb, regulated line, to see them will-less, speechless—to see them, with shivering flesh, with desolate hearts—in such dejection, such submission, such abasement, in that was the shock, was the touching unexpectedness.

And there were six hundred and fifty of these, flocking to this one Banner Street, winter-night after winter-night! There were six hundred and fifty, some of them men, some of them women, some of them children and little flushed-cheeked babies! falling in line as each bitter winter day shrouded itself in dusk, and not one with a home, not one with any hope, or phantom of hope, of home or house-top, under this high sky, in this rich city, on this fair earth!

Then remember that these poor faint and sinking souls have shivered, and cowered



through the day; shrunk from by all. They have had no food; or, at the best, only garbage. They have had no seat, except the stones; no shelter. They have slunk, and they have shuffled, and they have stood semi-stupefied, in the rush, and the roar, and in the riches and the entire regardlessness of the crowded prosperous streets. And now, with the day only a little over five o'clock; with the day at that blest part of it when most are looking for the laying down of labour, for the fellowship of a fireside, for rest and revival and delicious reverie; they come, these six hundred and fifty, to stand on that kerb, in that gutter, dumb; aye, dumb as driven cattle. They toil up, these six hundred and fifty, to this for their haven—their heaven, if that is thought a better term—they are grateful to have had this to look forward to; to have had this to long for; to have, by blessed charity, this for a roof, and these for walls, saving them from a night passed as they have passed their day—giving them an interval, a respite, before the dawn obliges them to go out into the streets, to begin another day again!

And what shelter—for let it be looked at now—is there for these pitiable souls, now that they have been beckoned in? Where do they pass to, now they have filtered in from the streets, and the dusk, and the foggy air?

It is along these clean passages; it is up these clean stairs. It is away from this ground-floor here. Past it. Beyond it. Past these bare white landing-walls. Past more. And then—a thick door is opened, and it is—there!

On the floor. On thin black waterproof squabs. Under thin black waterproof skins.

Yes, it is on the floor. It is flat, supine, so that all can be seen at the same heart-rending sweep; it is on mere slices, or flakes, of squabs, stuffed with cut coir; under mere tarpaulins of skins, shiny, leather-like, each drawn round each, close and tight. Yes, looking down low, on the floor, there they are in lines and lines; head there, feet here—head there, feet here; stretched, severed, kept distinct and apart by dull, bare, narrow wooden slides or partitions, like trays, like graves, like troughs, like regulated divisions, close and straight together, for showing separate wares. And each poor pitiable figure, lying there, in that poor gloom, with no grace of rest left, with no picturesqueness of sleep, or of the preparation for it, with no tenderness of attitude or association, each poor pitiable figure

ranged there is—a woman! nothing but that mere semblance left to mark her, all else beaten and blotted away!

It seems to turn the soul. It seems to bring no belief in it, but dead awe. It seems that there can be no strength in blood ties and nationality! That there is no truth in the broad brotherhood of humanity; in fellowship as fellowship, in equality as equality! That there can be no compulsion, that there has never been the announcement of a compulsion, to hold hands out to the helpless and the fallen, to deal out comfort to those to whom comfort is a sore and instant need!

Ah, but stay. There is strength where there should be strength, and truth is truth, or there would not be this before the eyes at all. There has been pure hearkening to an indelible command, and pure obedience to it, or there would be nothing here, even though it be lying beneath the feet, and entering so poignantly into the heart. It is by recognition of blood-ties that this roof has been raised above the head, and kept. It is by recognition of those claims of universal brotherhood, that these outcasts have been suffered to gather themselves here, even as they are; and that there has been preserved for their use as much as they have. For is it not that some eighty people are found in this metropolis, banding themselves together, laying into one store their half-crowns or their hundred guineas—there are both—to maintain these walls, keeping them dry and clean, keeping them warm and whole? Is it not that some score or two of godly souls have been found in the recent past, bequeathing gifts that so six hundred and fifty, at least, of great London's wretched poor may not shiver through the nights of the cruellest weeks of winter weather, but may congregate here, safe from the snow and the frost and the wind, having shelter, and cessation from the bite and the bluster, if it were impossible for them to have anything more?

There might be more, it is true; and more are wanted. There might be hundreds instead of tens, and thousands instead of hundreds, giving what can be given, and soothing what can be soothed. But a truth is not beaten out of being a truth because it is not acted upon by every person having power to act upon it; nor, any more, does self-denying obedience to a command become absence of obedience to a command because thousands—tens of thousands—are unequal to



the self-denial of obeying. It is the few who are faithful who establish fidelity; it is the few who walk by the light who make it certain that the light is there. And that this asylum is seen in the shape that it is seen in does not take from the fact that it was blessed and tender goodness that framed it. Let the mind revert to that. It is obliged to be done as it can be done, not as it would be done if it were designed to fit into anything else. These hapless creatures flocking here for the dear charity of sleep would be coiled up on a doorstep if they were not here (hundreds are coiled up on doorsteps, every living night, even as it is), or shivering under an archway or on a ballast-heap, or in the corners of some common lodging-house stairs, crept to by stealth, and out of which they could be flung, any moment, when their presence was discovered. These hapless creatures cannot be free from what they should be free from; they cannot have habits that are commendable as habits; and this must be thought of, must be met; making it compulsory to order things in a certain method, on certain lines. Moreover (for there is so much to pain, there must be broad reasoning to try and lull some of the pain away), that this should be a refuge is all it sets out to be—a place to fly to, a temporary shelter, emphatically a refuge from the weather when the weather is worst, and the storm so violent that, without this sorry barrier, the storm would kill. A harbour of refuge may not be so constructed as to make it mistaken for a port. Supposing it gave all that successful voyaging gave, voyagers would not be strung to strive for anything beyond; and there would be the result that the eighty (about) law-fulfillers setting out here to lessen misery and suffering, that the score of law-fulfillers who preceded them, would be bringing to pass an increase of misery and suffering, the thing they would abhor. So, by the dim light shrouding everything here, letting it be noted that things are planned for sleep, with an avoidance of anything that would drive sleep away—by the dim light, letting it be made out that the walls of this ward are wide apart, the ceiling high up overhead, that the ward has its whole length and space left bare and blank, with no break from end to end, seeming to hold nothing—nothing, indeed, till the eyes fall, in that deep distress, on that sight upon the floor, let any ray of consolation come that can be induced to come, and—it is best to close the door.

There must be more detail gained though. There must be what can only be had by another entrance; and there can be entrance here. No. The door is shut again; and with the hush of reverence. The missionary is at prayer; the women seated, or on their knees—there has not been light enough, or look enough, to be sure—and to go in would be intrusion. We must pass to the next ward, therefore; wards occurring, door after door, along the passage. It is one not quite full, for inmates are let in at any hour; they are perhaps brought in, in pity, by the police; they do not all range themselves in readiness for that church-clock's stroke of five. It is a ward, too, where, because it is not quite full, the matron can displace one of the trays, or partitions, showing its plan. It consists of a pair of benches thrown on their sides—the pair thrust together to make a hollow box. To bring the box to be of better service as the outline of a bed, the supports that make the benches into benches when benches are required, are hinged, enabling them to be sloped towards the ground, to form a substitute for a pillow, and enabling them to be raised as a lid, to be safe depository—each being under each sleeper's head—for any halfpence, small garments, or other poor property, each sleeper may desire to keep secure. The waterproofs, or skins, in this ward not being all in use either just yet, there they are, hanging one on a hook, and one over each tray, at regular intervals round the walls. They can be handled, if that is all; and they prove to be glazed and plain, a mere thin, impervious sheet, obliged to be this, since only in that form can it be certain they afford no harbourage, and by periodical disinfection can be kept quite clean.

This is a ward, again, where some of the poor women have only just passed in; where a few rise to their feet respectfully when they become aware of the opening of the door; where others, too worn for that much of realisation or nimbleness, retain their seats on the partition-ledges, resting there, or cowering, or nursing a weary child. None seem to be preparing to take off their tattered clothes—how could they? or how could they, after, get them on again?—except shoes, and poor bonnet, and cloak. None break the silence, or betray resentment or surprise. One poor soul, with remnants of womanly tidiness and thrift in her, has needle and thread, and is doing the best there is left her to do, to

sew up her poor rags. Another has taken off her well-nigh shapeless boots, and has balanced them, soles uppermost, at her partition-end, her only chance that they will get somewhat dry. A third, at the left, this first squab nearest the door, is shuffling herself farther and farther down, dragging her leather over her; a baby, already asleep, clasped in her arm, an elder child still looking wonderingly about, sitting up on the next squab at her side.

"Is your baby better?" the matron asks this woman.

And the woman answers. The woman, pleased to have the question put to her, can as much as faintly smile. "Yes, matron," she says, "I think it is."

Better! And its little cheeks have fever in them! And for sure, though its mother holds it tightly to her now, in a quiet sleep, she will not have it in life, sleeping or waking, to hold to her long!

"Were you here at Christmas?" the matron asks, then.

"No, matron," is the answer. "I was not near enough. I was at Bedford."

"Have you walked far to-day?"

"Very far. From Paddington."

Well, Paddington may not be far by mere mileage, except it were the long end of it where it soaks out by canal and mud-heaps, by shanty laundries and swampy brickfield, into Kensal Green. For Paddington, where it has managed to merge itself into the seemliness and luxury of the West End, is scarcely distant from Banner Street an hour, perhaps, by easy wheeling along the road; or half an hour, it may be, by rail underneath. But think of the streets to be traversed, of the mud to be shuffled through between here and there, on nearly shoeless feet, burdened with a child in the arms, and with another clutching at the skirts; burdened also with hunger, with cold, with helplessness—with the knowledge that the hunger and the cold are being borne by the little ones as well! Yet the woman answers still uncomplainingly; still resting a moment on her elbow before laying her head finally and gratefully down.

"And how do you keep yourself, mostly?"

"Knitting," the poor thing replies. "I knit night-caps, and cuffs, and scarves, and babies' socks; and then"—and the smile creeps over her thin face once more, re-installing her as pure woman, instead of letting her drop into one of a type that can easily have identification, that are over-ready (as has been thought) to beset places

where alms are likely to be abundant, over-ready to stand in groups with mere attitude of appeal, with importunity and supplication—"then my husband may be in work in the summer, and that makes it easy."

Poorsoul! She is one forced to avail herself of the conditions of the asylum repeatedly, the matron says; this accounting for how it is her baby's state is known. These conditions are, that inmates once admitted are supplied with tickets admitting them for six nights more, making a week of certain havening that must indeed bring the peace and quietude of a grateful dream. These conditions are, though, that when the seven nights are gone, inmates must be absent fourteen nights before they can be admitted again; and, sad as this may seem on the surface, the object of the rule is on the surface. These six hundred and fifty housed here must not monopolise the housing. The remaining hundreds—let it go to the heart!—forced into the streets, unable to get in here, unable to get in elsewhere, must have so much justice done them as to have it in their power, at intervals, to try for their poor turn. It makes it no wonder that there is the good order apparent here, that there is silence and submission. It makes it no wonder that six hundred and fifty people—that three hundred men, say, supposing the half of them are men (which is about it)—all of them wanting everything, wanting high aims and principles even more than they want food and clothing, wanting the fetters of conventionality and the fear of loss of reputation even more than they want hearths and hearths' comforting; it makes it no wonder that three hundred men can be massed together under one roof-top, and not pull the roof-top down, in insurrection, in anger, in fury, that the world has given them no more than this, when there is so much more in the world to have; that the world has not even this much to give them, except for the worst weeks in the year, and during those worst weeks for a short span. For the world, plainly, has so much worse than this, that this is bounty. For the world has so much less than this, that this has to be striven for watchfully, and, when it is gained, to be paid for by obedience, by adherence to discipline, as is done with all humility.

The men can be seen, if it is wished, by just passing to the other side. The men are here, when the matron has led by more lime-washed passages, by more lime-white stairs, and when, merely with the preface

of gathering up her skirts (there is need!) she enters a ward amidst sad groups of them, just standing, or just stretching out their languid arms. So, too, she enters a ward amidst sadder mounds of them, already under their black waterproofs asleep; she enters a downstairs passage filled with them, and they fall back quietly to the walls to let her pass; they make what order the passageway allows them to make, to let her get freely to an open door, leading to their washing-place. In it, some are at the basins, sluicing face and hands; some are at a trough, where those who choose may take off their boots and wash their feet; all seem an undistinguishable mass of worn-out labourers, in their poor stained and faded suits, their poor uncared-for beards and hair; but though there is a sharp glance launched out from a hapless face here and there—chiefly where there is old age, and where use may bring a stir to some enquiry—where there is young manhood, which should be in its strength, which should be in its prime—there there is also submission, there is patience, there is almost abasement, as if these poor homeless brothers had the sense that this shadow that is on them might be thought their shame. "Do not disturb yourselves," is the kind word said to them. "Never mind."

And way is made, past the furnace fire (for supplying heat for the hot-air pipes), and past a great cellar for the furnace-coal, into the poor helpers' kitchens. This one is for the women-helpers; that one for the men-helpers. They cannot be bright airy kitchens, for they are underground, and in St. Luke's; but they are warm, and they are clean; and as the helpers are only some of the homeless themselves, chosen for their suitability and tested powers of getting through the work (all of it being entrusted to them, without any other help, and they being paid a shilling a day for their services, out of which to buy their food), these kitchens must be bitterly hard to turn from when winter nights are over, and when helpers, like the rest, are obliged, no matter what is in store, to go. And way is made upstairs again, where the walls are still a fair width apart, as well as wholesomely white with limewash, and where the steps are still as clean as the rest, and still straightly planned, made low in the rise, easy and safe to ascend. There is, just here, a small stone-floored room, leading off to the right hand—for disinfecting—the place where all articles in use are fumigated with sulphur, removing any

risk in using them again. There are the women's washing-rooms; fair-sized lavatories, four or five basins of a row, with taps and waste-plugs, and soap, and towel. There is a drying-room, part of the arrangements of the laundry; the towels used every night being washed every day by the helpers, and there being no drying-grounds in Banner Street, and no chances of drying-weather in winter months, even if Banner Street stood within reach of moor and meadow, or by a handy open hedge. There is, in turn, the office where the officers congregate—the superintendent, a detective (his observant eyes scanning every face), the missionary, the clerk. There are these clean and quite bare benches on which applicants can take a rest during the few minutes' wait there is obliged to be, at times, for tickets to be looked at and new claims heard. There is this sliding window where names have to be declared (if names, in the abjectness and the wandering have not been forgotten or purposely effaced!)—this sliding-window where ages must be stated, and occupation, and the town or parish where shelter was last obtained. There is the inspection-room, where the doctor sees each applicant as each arrives; judging by general aspect, by having the hands held out, or some small part of the skin bared, whether infectious fever is present, or other loathsomeness; whether the poor vagrant is bad enough for restoratives to be given, or stimulant, or comforts; or to receive an order for quick removal to the infirmary or elsewhere. There is this second panel or partition—quite clean like the rest, and necessarily plain and bare—where a dole of half a pound of bread is put into each poor hand on entering (and on going out), and through which, after the bread is grasped, there is straight, and swift, and silent passing.

"One!" is the manner of the bread-helper's cry; the bread, which is clean-cut portions of quarter loaves, being piled in a vast basket-truck ready to his hand. When "One" approaches, receives, and is gone. "Two!" When "Two" approaches, receives, and is gone. "Three," "Four," and the rest; each one coming and going, and there not being another sound.

A moment, however. Here is no such strict dumb silence over one wan soul. She is a poor old hag, gaunt and grey; belated, and a straggler; and as she takes a hunch of bread, she takes, in its company, some

poor knotted bundle, clutched preciously in her shawl-end, under her thin arm.

"Stop!" the matron cries to her; quick, as she, as matron, is bound to be, to see that all things are safe and fair, that rules get no transgression. "What have you there?"

The shambling step is stopped, of course; the weak old face turns round. "It's all right, matron," is the answer coming with the stop. "It's nothing wrong."

"No matches?"

"Oh no, matron"—for the poor soul knows (surely by having used the refuge many a night!) what the laws allow, and what the laws forbid. "It's only"—and she lowers her voice, low enough, as might be thought, already—"cold potatoes."

Yes. And this withered creature, in her age, in her feebleness, will take the dry bread of the good asylum, and will take her sorry mess of stone-cold potatoes, the gift, for sure, of some charitable householder knowing her need, and the two together will be the solace and savour of her winter-evening meal!

Yet even she makes no complaint, no supplication. She goes her way, even an inmate well-to-do; an inmate with prospects and fair privileges. For, out of those sleeping here, this night, with her, will there be many in possession of such an additional store? May it not well be that this old soul may get civil approaches from her compeers, or such warm welcome as circumstances admit, simply for the sake of the good things she owns, a portion of which she can exchange, or generously give away?

It is enough. The refuge can be passed from. The January night can be met. It is not done without new sighs; it is not done without new heaviness; and it is well as the door is closed, that the last words listened to were records of a Christmas dinner, when all who had slept on those floors on Christmas Eve sat down to a good meat meal, and had no waiting, at five o'clock, in that gutter, on that kerb, but were let to pass into their wards, their benches turned into partitions again, able to wrap their rags in those black waterproofs, for once in the winter sufficiently fed.

It takes away some of the pain; but it leaves this, indelible: Had these poor creatures work, they could be sufficiently fed every day that comes. Is there no mode in this big England of letting work be found?

## GEOFFREY STIRLING.

BY MRS. LEITH ADAMS.

### PART III. CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER a moment or two of pained silence, as though subtly conscious of Davey's immobility—conscious of there being one creature present whom she could neither bend to her will nor sway by her passion—Hester looked across her shoulder at that still and silent figure by the closed door.

The pallor of his face she could hardly realise, since the ruddy shade from the lamp gave it an unreal glow; but the downcast eyes, the knitted brow, the folded arms, all these things spoke to Hester Devenant of a day of reckoning near at hand, and the knowledge tortured her.

Why should Davey have appeared upon the scene just at this particular crisis? Why should his meddlesome hand mar her well-laid schemes? If he had bided where he was just a little while longer all would have been well. Now, who could say he might not meet plot with counter-plot?

She was not given to cowardice, and yet her heart harboured something very like fear of this simple creature—this kinless thing that had been picked up in the street—a mere waif and stray—a castaway, reared on the charity of others.

How she loathed and despised herself for acknowledging this influence—this mean, trembling dread! How she loathed the man who inspired it, and who had now crossed her path when least she wanted him!

"I was more faithful than you," she said, hissing the words out fiercely—"more faithful by far than you who professed such love for your master."

She had lost the softer mood in which she had moaned over Gabriel's lost love, and the possible future of which Geoffrey Stirling's sin had robbed her. Then the woman in her held the mastery; now the fiend was uppermost.

"I was more faithful to my trust than you to yours," she said again, willing to goad Davey into speech.

"Were you?" he answered, and once more the grey eyes flashed a challenge to the black.

She winced beneath that glance, and when she spoke again, looked up at Ralph, not round at Davey.

"There was a chain about your father's



neck, and by it hung a golden coin. 'If you are near me when I die,' he said, 'see that it is buried with me. It has lain here—here on my heart all these long and weary years.' I was faithful in that—faithful in that. I met the vicar as I was going down the avenue—I told him that the little golden coin was to be left upon the heart that beat no more."

"What torment is this that I am being dragged through?" cried Ralph, the plaint ending in a hoarse inarticulate moan. "Why was I not there to hear those precious words—to garner them up in my heart for ever? Why did he send me from him, to bear his burden of sorrow—be what it might—alone?"

"Ask him!" said Hester, pointing at Davey with scornful finger; "or, since he is tongue-tied, shall I speak for him? 'Tell him that it wasn't want of love made me send him away so often, but that I feared his innocent eyes and loving ways; tell him I craved for him, as the thirsty crave for water. Tell him I have confessed.'"

Hester spoke as one who from constant mental repetition knows a sentence off by heart. She spoke slowly and deliberately, willing that each separate word should sink into the heart she sought to wound.

Ralph turned a long, agonised, reproachful look on David Robin.

Davey's silence was broken; his calmness shaken.

"Master Ralph—Master Ralph, come away out this cursed house!" he cried, stretching forth pleading hands, speaking with trembling lips; "I will tell you all and everything you like to ask. I will keep nothing back. Only come—come out from the presence of the woman who hunted your father to his death—who would hunt you down, too, because you are your father's son."

From one to the other Ralph gazed in wonder and despair. The deep waters were overwhelming him; the sorrows of death were compassing him about. But a slender hand clung to his, and in that clinging pressure lay all possibility of strength and endurance.

"Go with Davey—oh, my darling, go!" whispered Hilda's voice in his ear. Her warm breath fanned his cheek.

Amid all the misery and desolation, all the cruel bitter uncertainty, the blinding cloud of fears that beset him, in her nearness and her sympathy lay his only sense of comfort and of courage.

Hilda still believed her mother to be

the victim of wild and morbid fancies. She imagined that she now possessed the secret of those stormy interviews which had taken place between Hester and Davey in the past, as well as of her mother's dread of the man who had once been her closest friend. She interpreted Davey's silence to mean a delicate restraint put upon himself for her own sake and Master Ralph's.

His efforts to get Ralph to leave the house appeared to her under the same aspect. Besides, it wrung her heart to see her lover suffer! She longed to throw her arm about him, lead him forth into the quiet shadowy garden, and there kiss the sorrow from his set pale lips, and smile the sadness from his eyes.

She could smile in his face though her heart were breaking, she thought to herself, if only she might wile him from his grief, if only she might win one smile in answer, and with her head upon his breast, tell him that these wild thoughts and weird imaginings would pass from her mother's mind with the darkness of the night, as they had often done before.

"Go," she whispered, "go with Davey, and to-morrow—come to me again. This cloud will then have passed."

Hester's keen ear caught the words.

"He shall not go!" she cried. "No one shall leave this room till I have said my say and had my way. Hilda—wilful child!—are you going to measure your will against mine after all these years? How dare you—how dare you treat me so?"

She started to her feet, hurried to the door, and set her arm across it.

There was something so resolved, so desperate in her air, that both men felt powerless to cross her will, helpless to silence her.

"It is you I have to thank," she said, turning the light of her beautiful eyes full upon Davey, "for my own child calling me a madwoman. Mad, mad, mad! that is what they all say. Who cares? If madness wins the day, as well he mad as sane. Listen, then, Hilda, to what this mad mother of yours has to say. Listen. Since your lover will not give you up, you must give him up; since he will not break the link between you, your hand must be the one to snap it. Would you cling to the hand of the man whose father murdered yours? Think, child, how you used to love your father! Do you remember all the pretty names he had for you? And you—

how you used to run and meet him, clip him round the neck, and laugh for gladness that he had come again."

Slowly as one drawn by a power against which no rebellion is possible, Hilda drew herself from her lover's side; step by step she came nearer and nearer to the woman who was calling up those dear memories of the past. The girl's cheek was deadly pale; her eyes, full of fear and sorest trouble, were fixed upon her mother's face; her hands, clasped as those of one in prayer, were held out in a dumb and pitiful entreaty.

"Do you remember when your father died, how you stole into the room where he lay, turned aside the covering from his face, and stood there, wondering that he did not hear you speak—did not turn and smile upon the child he had so loved?"

Hilda's features worked, her lips trembled, the great tears gathered in her gentle eyes—gathered and fell adown her pallid cheeks.

Then the tigress in Hester sprang to life again, treading the softer mood under foot.

"Remember more still," she said; "remember how he suffered; call to mind his wan face looking in upon us as you sat at work in the sunshine—and the last long kiss he gave you, Hilda, as he left us never to return till others bore him home upon their shoulders."

Strange memories were crowding upon Hilda now that Hester little thought of; memories of words that scourged a broken suffering man as cruel thongs; of desperate passionate resentment in her father's eyes; of bitter retort falling from faltering lips; and so a great pity for her mother grew about her heart, the secret sorrow and remorse of whose sad life was hers alone.

"Mother, mother, do not speak to me of all these things to-night; I am weak—I cannot bear it—nor can you. See how pale you are, and how your hand shakes! Oh, have pity, dear, on me and on yourself. To-morrow we will speak of all these things—not now, not now."

"I shall speak what I will, and when I will, and you shall listen. I want you now to stand in spirit by your murdered father as he lay stark and cold that day when all the world was beautiful with sunshine and with flowers—and all my heart was one black hell of pain."

Hilda bowed her face upon her hands. She was back in the terrible past. She

was deaf for the time even to the inarticulate cry of tenderness and pity that broke from her lover's lips.

"Remembering all that, can you, his dearest, best-loved treasure, the child he loved far more dearly than the mother who bore you—can you, Hilda, lift your eyes to mine and tell me that you love the son of his murderer?"

Hilda raised her head, raised her eyes, streaming with tears, to Hester's face.

"I love him," she said simply, yet with loving passion; "I love him with all my heart."

"Tear the love from your heart. Never heed though it pain and bleed. Let me see how brave you can be; let me hear you tell the son of him who made me a widow, and my child fatherless, to quit your presence—to enter it no more."

At this, Ralph started to the girl's side, clasped her in his arm, and gazed with straining eyes upon her face.

"You will not, Hilda—you will not do this thing?" he pleaded. "I know not what has come to me to-night—the world is changed; fear and dread are all around me. There may be a terrible future to face. Nerve me for it, oh, my darling, be it what it may! Be it never so bitter, never so full of pain and shame, the touch of your lips, the clasp of your hand, shall keep me brave, shall strengthen me to do the right, counting the cost as nothing, since my love is true to me."

Like one who moves, a shadow among shadows, part and parcel of a dream, Hilda turned, and met the dark and eager eyes that strove to read her own. Then she raised her hands to her head, pushed back the heavy nut-brown locks from her brow, and drew a long, deep, shuddering sigh.

Ralph's arm was about her still, but he felt that his touch had no power to move her. She was mesmerised by a will stronger and more powerful than her own—one that, half by love and half by fear, had tyrannised over and swayed her through a lifetime.

Her lips moved, but no words were audible.

A terrible light was breaking in upon her.

Facts, however distorted and magnified, underlay what she had deemed but fancies.

Davey's face began to tell her this much. Ralph, too—did he not speak of possible horrors to be faced in the future, of pain and shame, and right to be done, that wrong might be undone?

What did these things mean?

Then, like a flash, came the memory of a night of storm and rain, a night of wet leaves shining in the fitful moonlight that gleamed through drifting clouds, and of a lonely figure out among the shadows and the shining, lifting clasped hands to heaven, and of a voice, hoarse and muffled with passion, that cried out, "Liar—murderer—thief!" while a little child clung to a fluttering gown, sobbing and afraid.

Was it true, that dreadful valediction, hurled at a shadowy figure flitting away among the trees, near where the dykes shone dark and bright? Was it true? And if it were, what—oh, what of Ralph? Who could shield that dear true heart from the infinite pain of knowledge?

Fears for her lover, piteous memories of her father, new and strange imaginings as to her mother's life of pain unutterable and hoarded vengeance—all these thoughts made cruel turmoil in Hilda's heart.

Davey, watching the sweet tell-tale face, now so pale, and wan, and troubled, was at no loss to read her thoughts. The story of that dastardly night's work in the squire's room three years ago could find no voice with Hilda by. Ralph must learn it—must learn each detail of it; but might he not be won, through his great love for Hilda, to keep the ghastly record from her?

Would her love be strong enough to stand the test of all that now must fall upon the head of Geoffrey Stirling's son?

As Hilda, swayed by the potent influence of her own growing convictions, turned a lovely pallid face and passionate fond eyes on Ralph, as who would say, "Sorrow is at hand—I am here, love, to share it with you!" Hester spoke again, half laughing:

"So you begin to see that I am not quite mad, after all?" she said. "Hilda—come to me."

She had crossed the room, and was sitting in her old place by the hearth. She seemed to be gathering her wits together for some supreme effort.

Hilda moved to her mother's side, knelt there, and catching her hand to her bosom, fondled it.

"Poor mother!" she said softly, between the kisses.

But Hester, who had seemed at first hardly conscious of those sweet caresses, snatched her hand from Hilda's hold.

"What fooling is this?" she said.

"Who asked you for pity? I have asked

for no one's pity, all these years. It is not pity I have longed for, it is not pity I want now. Listen to me, Hilda; give me deeds not words, submission not kisses. This headstrong lover of yours will not give you up, it seems. Let me hear you cast him off. You are Gabriel Devenant's child, you loved your father, or you say you did; time has not blunted the memory of the days when you and he were happy together, when he called you by fond sweet names, and bore you in his arms when the way was too rough and hard for your tender feet. To him the child was dearer than the wife. I lost his love, and I could not win it back again, because no time was given me; but you, he loved you, Hilda, and to you it is given to avenge him! Nay, do not moan like a sick child. Do not play the coward. If you suffer, if others must suffer, what have I done—what have I done with my maimed and broken life, my hot indignant heart burning like a scorching fire within my breast, all these years?"

At the sound of the lamentation that burst from Hilda's lips, Ralph started forward; but Hester waved him back.

"Not yet," she said imperiously, "not yet; my child must choose between us—you or me; but she has not spoken, she has not chosen yet—give her time."

Hilda, casting herself forward, flung her arms about her mother's shoulders, and would have spoken, but Hester, thrusting her back, bade her keep silence.

"Look at my hands," she said mockingly; "when I was young like you they were rough with toil, no task was too menial for them; but you, Hilda, will be a fine lady, with servants to wait upon you, and a husband to anticipate your slightest wish. You will be called a lucky woman, one to be envied, but all your luck will be won at the cost of the heart's blood of suffering men and women, of ill-gotten gold that must bring a curse—that has brought a curse upon the hand that clutches it. You will pillow your head on the breast of the man whose father built his own prosperity upon the ruin of others. You will live in luxury upon the riches basely stolen from the poor, whose little hoards, swept into one great heap, made Geoffrey Stirling rich, made me a widow, and robbed you of the father who loved you dearer than his life."

Crouching, shivering, sobbing where she knelt, hiding her face amid the folds of her mother's gown, Hilda bent beneath

this hail of words, as the young sapling bows before the hurricane. The low plaint that broke from her white lips sounded like the cry of a beaten child. Her heart was rent in twain. Her mother's words seemed to thrash her like cruel blows, making her brain reel with the agony of them.

"How much longer am I to wait?" said Hester's resolute voice, as the girl kept silence, save for faint moans of pain. "Tell this lover of yours to go, let him have his sentence from the lips that he has kissed, and that have kissed him back, not knowing that they touched a thing abominable."

"No!" cried Hilda, springing to her feet, "he is not that, he is not that. To me he is all that is brightest and best. He is the man I love, the man who loves me; more I know not, more I cannot say. Ralph, teach me what to say, dear! Leave me, if you must."

She swayed as she spoke, and would have fallen, but that fond arms were round her, fond lips touched tenderly the white and trembling mouth that had grown dumb with pain.

"Torture her no more," cried Ralph, turning fiercely upon Hester, still holding that tender burthen in his arms; "I will spare you the need of any further words. I will go, as you have bid her tell me to do. I will go, and face life as you have made it for me. I will search out all the truth, shrinking from nothing that the truth shall tell me. If I come to stand, poor, friendless, stripped of all my wealth before the world (because it is not mine to keep), if this be so, and then she still clings to me, in poverty, and shame, and pain, I will not give her up. I will keep her in spite of you. But, even if you take her from me, you cannot rob me of the past. I would rather have the memory of Hilda than the love of any other woman. My darling, my love!" he said sobbingly, bending to the white face upon his breast, "we will not forget each other, will we? Remember the old song, dear:

"It will not—it cannot be—laid aside,  
It is not a thing to forget or hide.

My love, my love! in all my broken aching heart to-night I feel its sweetness still."

Then, with a kiss, he let her go.

"Come, Davey," he said; "come!" and was gone ere the other had time to follow.

Hilda, voiceless, colourless, a breathing

statue, followed him with strained and misty eyes till the door closed upon him; then, still staring at the cruel barrier which had shut him from her sight, she sank at Hester's feet, and her lovely head fell heavy and lifeless across her mother's lap.

Davey, whose ear had been following the dying sound of Master Ralph's footsteps along the road, broke the silence sharply.

"Do not touch her," he said, as Hester, with a scared look, bent above that helpless figure at her knee. "Leave her in peace a little while; you have not given her much in all her life—give her a little now! I have one word to say before I follow Master Ralph. You have broken your oath, the oath taken in the dead presence of the man whose murderess you are."

Hester shrank back in her chair, white and trembling.

"Not that," she said; "not that! Call me anything but that!"

"I call you what you are. And now look there," and he pointed to Hilda's senseless form. "You are trying to murder your child's heart; but I tell you that as you been have foiled once, so shall you be foiled again! The strain is tough, I know, but her love and his will stand it."

Then, seeing that Hilda stirred, Davey kept silence. He knelt beside her, raised her on his arm, bade her be of good cheer—told her to keep a brave heart—to hope and trust.

She smiled at him, holding out her hand for his, and so, staggering to her feet, let him lead her to the open window, where the balmy air might fan her cheek.

"Go," she said, "go to Ralph; he needs you more than I do."

Hester watched the two furtively, twisting her hands the one in the other.

She watched Davey as a cat watches a mouse; but not a word passed her lips until the very echo of his footsteps had died away, and no sound broke the stillness of the night save the murmur of the river, and the whisper of the breeze.

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